

OUT OF A HAREM TO FIGHT FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA

Liveliest Sort of an
Example of 'Suffrage,'
but She Doesn't
Care Much About
the Blare of Trumpets
and Oratory for the
'Cause'—Aunties
Uneasy Until Father
Could Write to Them
That Flora Was
Married.

Flora Zabelle,
In a
Variety
Of Most
Attractive
Poses.

them of what they considered their duty. Then they wrote me a long letter. Now I realize that it was meant to be a letter of congratulation, although my husband didn't see it in just that light at the time. "They gave me permission to bring this American husband of mine to my old home, next time I came, but assured me that he could never hope to see them. They would consent to take a peep at him some time through the lattice, but that was all, just a peep, and he must never expect to see them, which, of course, was pretty hard, but he has survived the shock so many years now that I think he will pull through."

When Miss Zabelle was asked what she thought had been the principal incentive to her in throwing off the "yoke," she replied, "America," and seemed to think

When Flora Zabelle arrives in a city it will be very difficult to explain away if the women, especially all of the suffrage women, are not down at the railroad station forming themselves into a sort of "Aida" triumphal march with blaring trumpets and all the spectacular trappings that they can command and bringing her up the main street on a raised platform of some sort.

The point is that in all this fair land there isn't another woman who represents "emancipation" to such a degree as Flora Zabelle. When she was a baby she was rocked in the cradle of civilization by the Euphrates river. She is the very symbol of "throw convention and customs to the winds." She has thrown off the yoke that routine speakers for the "Cause" say has been oppressing women for centuries. All the moresback traditions of feminine slavery enveloped her when she was a mere baby. All of the friends of her father called upon him for a word of sympathy when the awful news, "It's a girl," had been carried to him. When she was born the neighbors merely looked upon the event as one of the misfortunes of life. She was destined to a life of slavery behind the veil.

But as one of the orators would express it, "She broke the chrysalis of tradition, and in the gorgeous colors of the butterfly, raised her wings and flew away to freedom shouting 'emancipation!'"

Perhaps the suffrage women do not know so much about Flora Zabelle. Perhaps that is why they hold no parades when she comes to town. But she does not care so much about that, and she still retains some of her native modesty, but nobody need worry about that. A full knowledge of her importance in the world will come on the day when she is made a full-fledged star in the theater. After their names have been placed at the top of the program, after they have seen their names on twenty-four sheet posters along the highway, and after they have seen trucks craned to observe them in hotel dining rooms, they suddenly lose whatever modesty they have retained up to that time and say good bye to whatever conventions may have remained to them, after a little experience on the stage.

Born in a Real Turkish Harem.

Flora Zabelle is Zabelle Mangasarian, daughter of Mangas Mangasarian, an Armenian. Where the Flora comes from she only knows. She first saw the light among the veiled ladies in a pretty little house three days' horseback ride from Constantinople. There she beheld her mother, grandmother, aunts and all the rest of the female relatives, not in harem skirts, but in a genuine harem, or at least an "apartment" into which no gentlemen were ushered excepting pa, grandpa and some other lord-and-master

male who chanced to be a relative. There the ladies sat around in the daytime, read French novels, ate figs and marshmallows, and in the evening they watched each other dance and played the mandolin. Miss Zabelle says it isn't nearly so terrible as popularly believed. She smiles at the lurid sort of talk made by the missionaries who plead for the "slaves of Turkey." She points to Pierre Loti's novel "Disenchanted," as a pretty accurate word picture of harem life in Turkey. It's all right if one enjoys it. It's an indolent existence and has served its purpose for a thousand years. Woman so living is a toy, a plaything, a chattel held by the male creation. Enough to bring tears to the eyes of the thousands of ladies who are throwing bricks at the prime minister in enlightened England, and the ladies who wear yellow sashes serve sandwiches on election day and "lecture" the men folks on election day.

Decided to Become Fully Emancipated.

But Flora decided when she was young to "burst the chrysalis that bound her." She made the fatal step of coming to America with her father. She yearned for "emancipation." She discarded the veil as a foolish thing when a girl had a pretty face, but she still believes in veils for some people, as for instance, when a girl hasn't a pretty face. She decided to not be a marshmallow-eating and novel-read-

ing person who never heard of Abraham Lincoln. She became educated, and the horror of it is that her father encouraged her in her progress. She was trying her wings, and then when she found that she could fly, she jumped clear over the parental fence and went on the stage. That's enough to entitle her to a medal from the ladies who talk a lot about "escaping," but have never made it quite plain what they would escape from.

Father and Mother Become Reconciled.

Now this was a little too much for her father and mother. Their daughter, who by rights should have been a veiled lady in a harem, daring to be so vulgar as to not only show her face to men on the street but to actually show it in the limelight of the theater. But Flora would be "free." And, of course, her slight happened years ago. She has made a big success on the theater stage, and father and mother have become "reconciled" and in fact are quite proud of their daughter. She calls herself an American now, and she feels like an American, but the fact remains that she's an Armenian born "beyond the veil." They pleaded with her, even offered to take her back into their room of the marshmallows and mandolins, if she would return in penitence. But she had tasted "liberty." And it seems that her sisters who talk so much about crushing the serpent of male domination un-

der their heels do not adequately celebrate her triumph.

Flora Zabelle is a beautiful little woman, and she says that even her aunties in Turkey concede that much, when they remind her that she is "brazen" in allowing men to see her face. She has often visited them in recent years, and while they think that their brother Mangasarian did a terrible thing in allowing her to come to America with him, they still hope that she may see the "light" and return to the family fold.

"They rest easier now that I am married," she laughingly related. "Over there they usually like to see a girl betrothed by the time she is fifteen years of age. They used to write to father and inquire about my chances, when I was considerably younger than that. He tried to calm them on this subject. I guess, but was obliged to admit that I was in school and had no thought of a husband. When I became seventeen years of age, they wrote him a long letter, saying that, while he had never admitted as much, their 'instinct' told them that something was the matter with me and that nobody wanted me in America. They reminded father that they loved their brother, and as a testimonial of that regard they had 'bought' a young chap in Armenia, or, that is, they had found a youth who was willing, for a sum, which they were willing to advance, to come to America and marry me. Preferably, of

course, they would like to have father send me back where I belonged, but if that was impossible my husband-to-be would be sent over the ocean to me at Chicago.

Didn't Wish Husband Bought for Her.

"Well, at the time I hadn't the slightest idea of marrying anybody. But father wrote them a letter and thanked them, but said he would be obliged to ask for a delay. And then, just as if by miracle, I married an American. We just married, that was all there was to it.

and father was able to write a long letter to my aunties and relieve

that the question was fully answered."